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between them. The time has not yet passed, and President Roosevelt might well find in this direction an opportunity to do a still greater service for the world's peace than any which he has yet rendered.

**The Feeling  
in Japan.**

Later reports of the feeling of indignation in Japan against the government over the terms of the Portsmouth peace treaty and of the riots and disorders attending it prove that the earlier accounts were not at all exaggerated. A private letter received at this office speaks of the smoking ruins of the offices of newspapers which had supported the government, of police stations wrecked, of the intensity of the war spirit prevailing, etc. This indignation and violence of the people was exhibited because of the fact that the government had decided to drop the claim for indemnity, which had at first been put forward at Portsmouth, in order to end the war. The people had been led by the successes of the Japanese armies in the field to believe that they could force Russia to accept any terms laid down by the victors, and they proposed to exact from the beaten foe enough to cover their own government's expenses in the war. This display of passion and determination to exact as much as possible from Russia is not to be wondered at. It was the natural fruit of the conflict. Something like it has attended every war. The war passion grows by what it feeds on, and those who are affected by it often lose all sense of reason and are led blindly away by hatred of the enemy and desire to humiliate him to the utmost possible extent. The Japanese government is to be warmly commended for having stood firm during this storm of violence. The people will get over their childish madness, and will in time see that the government's course was one of great wisdom. And the government will do well if it learns once for all that war is a very dangerous thing to play with. An intelligent Japanese, who has been in Tokyo during the entire conflict, writes us: "The war has ended as we prognosticated, to the great disappointment of the nation. *War IS foolish*—that is the lesson taught by this expensive war."

**Horrors in  
Manchuria.**

Mr. E. J. Dillon, in *Harper's Weekly*, thus describes some of the horrors which attended the war in Manchuria:

"People who have not witnessed the horrors of actual warfare—and the present campaign is in many respects worse than the struggles of former days—cannot realize the fate that awaits the unfortunate men who are thus condemned without appeal to die. Death pure and simple would be a boon as compared with the destiny in store for them.

"From the day on which they take their places in the railway cars their ordeal commences. Cooped up like

sardines in a tin box, they have too little room, too little air, too little food, too little exercise, too little heat in winter, too much in summer. They are not as well off as the cavalry horses in the wagons next their own. Fatigued, cramped, weak, emaciated, they are whirled through Siberia, and dumped on some little station in Manchuria, where no preparations have been made for them. Hungry and thirsty, they have then to march for miles and miles in a strange and difficult country, they know not whither or wherefore. All at once, without a word of warning, they are decimated by a slanting hail of bullets which seemingly come from nowhere. They cannot reply, for there is no indication of the enemy's position.

"After that baptism of fire the real horrors of war begin. Marches under a scorching sun until the boots drop off in shreds, the feet are swollen and lacerated, the tongue is parched and black, and the brain swimming with incipient madness. Or else it is winter, when the toes, the ears, the nose, and it may be the cheeks, are frostbitten and disfigured forever, and when every snow-heap exerts a weird fascination over the jaded and drowsy soldier, who often flings himself surreptitiously upon one and enters upon his long last sleep.

"But hunger and thirst are the two awe-inspiring demons of war whose victims are more to be pitied even than Ugolino in his hunger tower. I have heard of soldiers who, to quench their maddening thirst as they lay wounded on the millet-fields of Manchuria, drank human blood. I could if needs were name some who came back from the war to their native village invalided, and whose experience had been even still more horrible. 'We lay helpless in the fields like children, covered by the millet grass. My leg was as stiff as a board. We were fiercely hungry like wolves, human wolves. We would have eaten refuse had there been any at hand. But there was nothing. Every now and then we cast hungry looks at our dead comrades, and then we gazed at each other. We spoke with our eyes, we agreed with our eyes to commit a heinous crime. All the talk was done by evil glances. I can't say how, but we understood each other perfectly. And then—then we did it.'

"I break off the gruesome narrative here. It was poignantly realistic. Every detail burned itself into the souls of the invalid's artless hearers. They saw the whole sickening picture rise up in all its ghastliness before their eyes. It filled them with horror."

### Brevities.

... On August 31, when the successful termination of the peace negotiations at Portsmouth was announced, Hon. Robert Treat Paine, president of the American Peace Society, sent the following telegram of congratulations to President Roosevelt:

"No event in all history has given such powerful impetus to the cause of peace among the nations of the whole world as your brave and triumphant action."

To this telegram the President's secretary sent the following reply:

"The President thanks you heartily for your congratulations."

. . . The Cincinnati Arbitration and Peace Society will celebrate the first anniversary of its organization by a public mass meeting on the 23d inst. Judge Howard C. Hollister will preside, and the principal speaker of the evening will be Hon. Henry B. F. Macfarland, president of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia. The president of the Business Men's Club, Mr. Thomas J. Moffett, will also speak. A letter will be read from the president of the society, Prof. P. V. N. Myers, now in Europe, who will give an account of the Peace Congress at Lucerne, which he attended. The city pastors have been asked to devote the previous Sunday to the advocacy of universal peace. We congratulate the Cincinnati Society on the vigorous and successful work which it has done during its first year.

. . . A peace conference under the auspices of the State Women's Christian Temperance Union was held at Pacific Grove, California, from July 30 to August 4. Most of the speakers during the five days' meetings were women. The program was well carried out, and the discussions following the papers elicited much interest. "Peace Policies," "Christ the Prince of Peace," "Justice as a Conservator of Peace," "The Science of Peace," "The Attitude of Women toward the Peace Question," "International Arbitration," "The Passing of War," "The Origin of the Hague Court," "Peace a Stimulus to Trade," and "What the Labor Unions Stand For," were some of the topics. There were platform exercises and a debate on the army and navy and peace songs. This is said to be the first peace conference ever held under the auspices of a State W. C. T. U. It ought not to be the last one.

. . . The peace convention called by the Shakers was held at Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., on the 31st of August. About two hundred persons were present. Two of the principal addresses were made by Hon. Walter S. Logan of the New York Bar and Rabbi Charles Fleischer of Cambridge, Mass. Other speakers were William Barnes, Sr., of Albany, Bolton Hall of New York, and Rev. James E. Gregg of Pittsfield, Mass. A resolution was passed reprobating war, declaring that arbitration had already proved itself a rational practical way of disposing of disputes, urging disarmament and the neutralization of the highways of commerce on the ocean.

. . . The death of Hezekiah Butterworth of Boston, editor for twenty-five years of the *Youth's Companion*, removes a true and beautiful friend of peace, a man of pure, lofty and lovely character, loved and honored by every one who knew him. He was a prolific writer of both prose and verse, his books for the young being especially famous. Some of his peace poems, as others, were of a high order, notably the poem, "The White City," written for the Chicago Peace Congress of 1893. Mr. Butterworth was thoroughly devoted to the cause of human brotherhood and peace. He attended several peace congresses, was a frequent speaker at peace conventions, and for many years a member and vice-president of the American Peace Society, whose work he supported in the most cordial way.

. . . An arbitration treaty between Denmark and France was signed on September 15, and on September 21 one between Spain and Belgium.

. . . The Prussian government has sold to Belgium the neutral territory of Moresnet, the smallest European state, which is thus blotted out. Its existence dates from the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

. . . Claims amounting to one million dollars, made by the French government against Venezuela, have been allowed by the Claims Commission which has been sitting at Northfield, Vt. Claims for much larger amounts have been dismissed or disallowed by the Commission. The decision of the umpire, Judge Frank Plumley, is final.

. . . The evil effects of the German military policy in South Africa continue to manifest themselves, and all foreigners are a prey to the ill-feeling which has been engendered among the natives. *The Bulletin of the Bureau of Missions*, Bible House, New York, says that "an uprising of the natives in the southern part of German East Africa is causing a good deal of anxiety just now. The actual sufferers so far reported are the Roman Catholic Benedictine stations. A bishop, two missionaries, and two sisters were killed a month or two ago on the road from Kilwa to Liwale. Two of the inland stations of this mission have been attacked and the missionaries forced to fly to the coast. Anxiety is felt for the University Mission on the Rovuma River and for the Berlin Society's stations, which stretch across from Dar es Salam to the head of Lake Nyasa. So far no news has been received of injury to any of these stations, but the disturbances seem to be spreading, and distance from the coast may put the missionaries in serious danger."

. . . The stenographic report of the eleventh annual conference on international arbitration held at Mohonk Lake, N. Y., at the first of June last, has been published, and copies of it can be had by addressing the secretary, Mr. H. C. Phillips, at Mohonk Lake, and enclosing five cents to cover postage. The report contains all the speeches delivered and is a most valuable document.

### Put Up Thy Sword.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

And who the bravest of the brave,  
The bravest hero ever born?  
'T was one who dared a felon's grave,  
Who dared to bear the scorn of scorn.  
Nay, more than this; when sword was drawn  
And vengeance waited for His word,  
He looked with pitying eyes upon  
The scene, and said: "Put up thy sword."  
Oh God! could one be found to-day  
As brave to do, as brave to say?  
"Put up thy sword into his sheath."  
Put up thy sword, put up thy sword!  
By Cedron's brook thus spake beneath  
The olive-trees our valiant Lord,  
Spake calm and king-like. Sword and stave  
And torch, and stormy men of death  
Made clamor. Yet he spake not, save  
With loving word and patient breath,  
The peaceful olive-boughs beneath:  
"Put up thy sword into his sheath."

*From the Arena.*